Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Miſ. Page. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, hee hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaffes* boy with her; A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo ſeeming Miſtris *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Maſter *Ford.*

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Maſter *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue lingerd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page.*

Page You haue Maſter *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you,
But my wife (Maſter Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caius. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton?* He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, he ſpeakes